

No. 2,

FOR

### GOSPEL MEETINGS

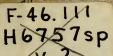
AND THE

### SUNDAY SCHOOL,

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN,

AND

J. H. TENNEY.



PUBLISHED BY

AMUEL BARKER,

No. 74 Superior St., Cleveland, O.



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\*SPIRITUAL\*SONGS

No. 2,

FOR

## Gospel Meetings

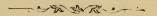
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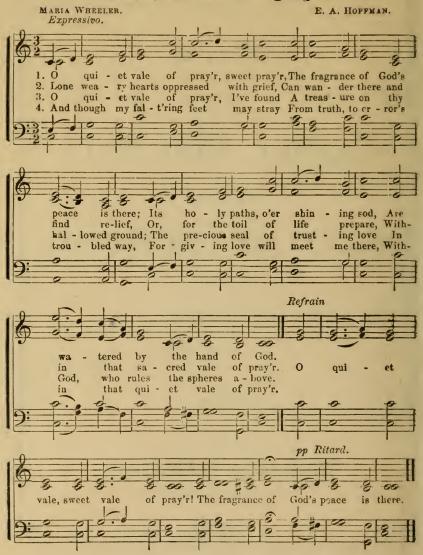
#### SAMUEL BARKER,

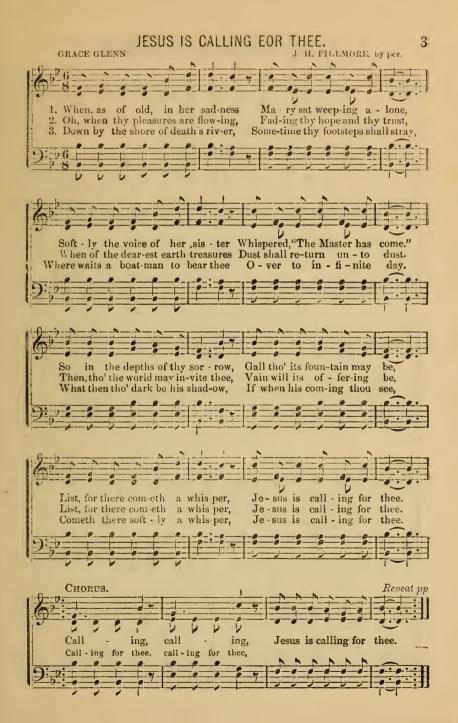
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### SPHRITUAL SONGS NO. 2.

#### The Quiet Vale Of Prayer.





4



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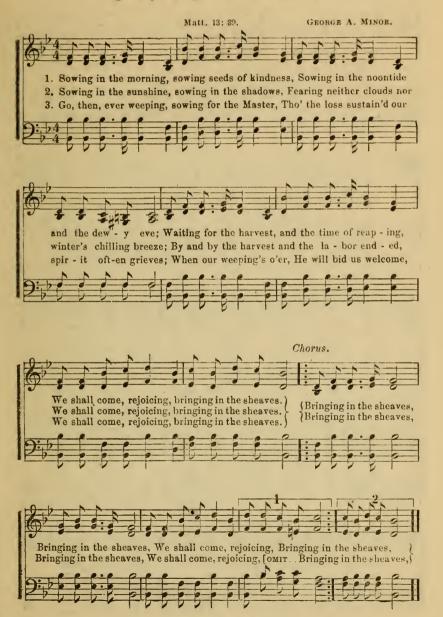
#### The Child Of 3 King.



#### Only Year To The Kingdom.



#### Bringing In The Sheaves.



From "Golden Light."







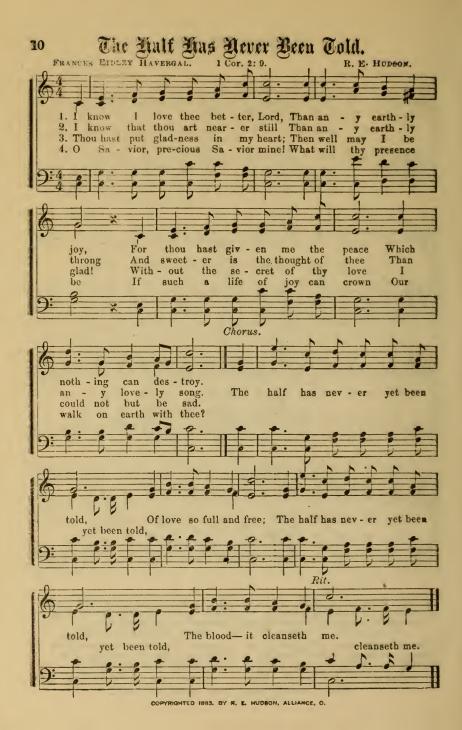
2. Hark to the trump that sounds for war, [3. Sure as the Truth, will dawn the day See how the flag goes on before, Look how the ranks swell more and more

As Jesus the King leads on: Strong are the hosts of Sin and Death, Stronger the might of Him who saith, "I will consume them with my breath!"

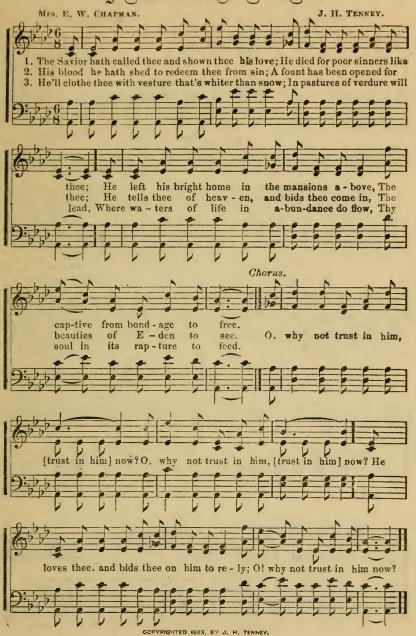
Then will the field be won.

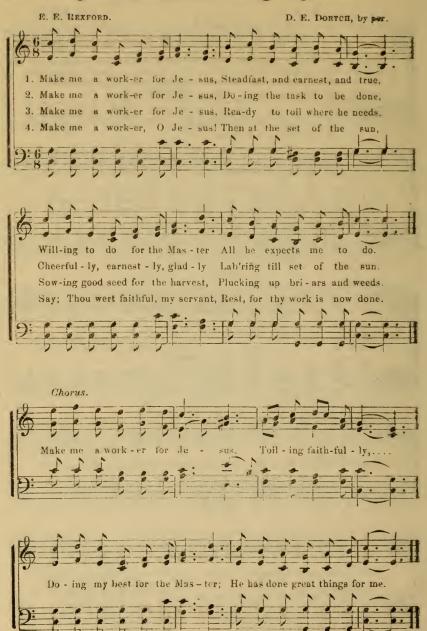
When giant Wrong will end his sway, Bondage and Error flee away,

And earth to the Lord belong; Courage, ye souls who fight and plod, This is the path that worthies trod; Gird up your loins, Elect of God; Soon comes the victor's song.



#### Why Not Trust In Him Now?





#### Save The Boy!

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."-Prov. 10: 1.

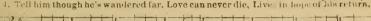
#### (TEMPERANCE SONG.)

MRS. S. C. ELLSWORTH.

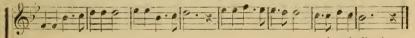
W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per



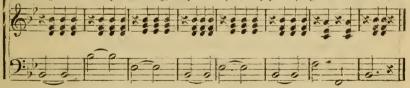
- 1. Once he wasso light and fair, Glad, and light and free Kill'd my soil with peace and joy, fstood. Till that dreadful bour.
- 2. Once he was so brave and true, Shunn'd the tempter's pow'r:Once for right he firmly [Hold him to my side;
- 3. Once he was my only hope, Source of joy and pride, Then I thought that love might class, 1. John with patient eye, 4. Tell him though he's wandered far, Love can never die. Live in hope of his return,





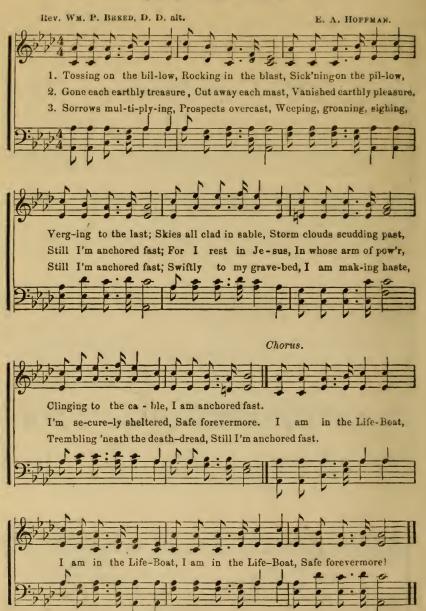


But he took the fatal glass, 'Twas a fleeting joy, Drank, and lo, the hand of death, Grasp'd [My poor wandering boy. Bright and sparkling was the cup. Seem'd without alloy, Fair the hand that captive led, (oh save my boy. But today my boy forsakes Home with all its joy, Far in sin he's wandering bow. Save, Loving hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy, Keeping still a welcome there



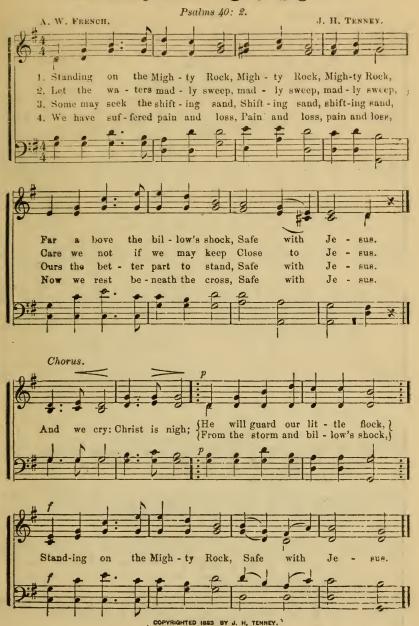


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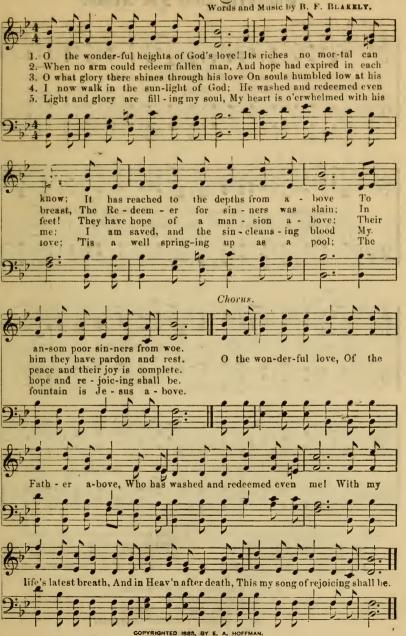


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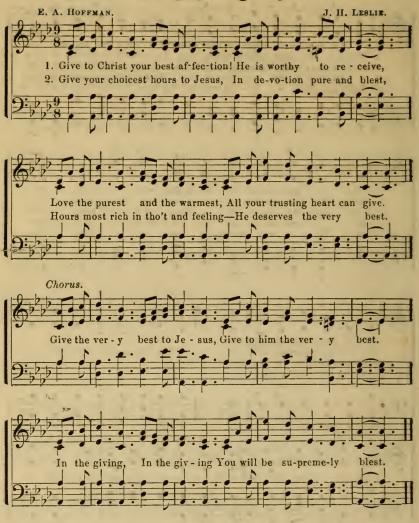
#### Standing On The Mighty Bock.







#### The Very Best for Jesus.



- 3. Give to Christ your noblest talents!
  Use them in his sweet employ;
  In the using you will harvest
  A reward of blissful joy.—Ref.
- 4. Give your influence to the Savior!

  Bring no stain upon his name

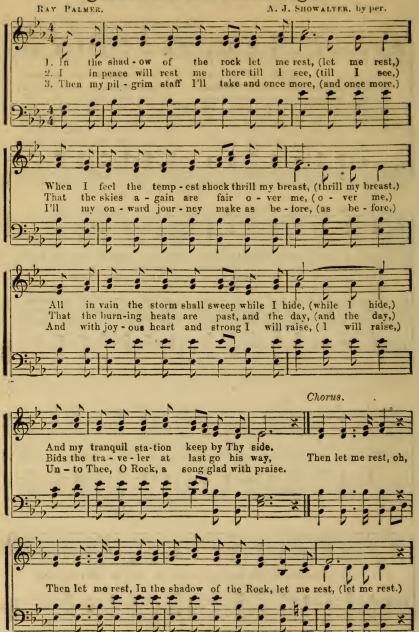
  By a heart untrue and faithless,

  By a life of sin and shame.—Ref.
- Give your soul, your all to Jesus,
   As a willing sacrifice;
   Your reward shall be a mansion
   In the shining Paradise.—Reference.
   From "Songs of Faith."

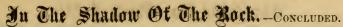
#### Have More faith In Jesus.



#### In The Shadow Of The Bock.



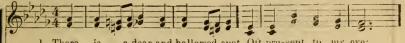






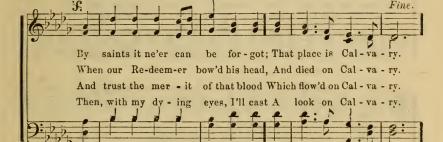
#### Calvary.

J. H. TENNEY.

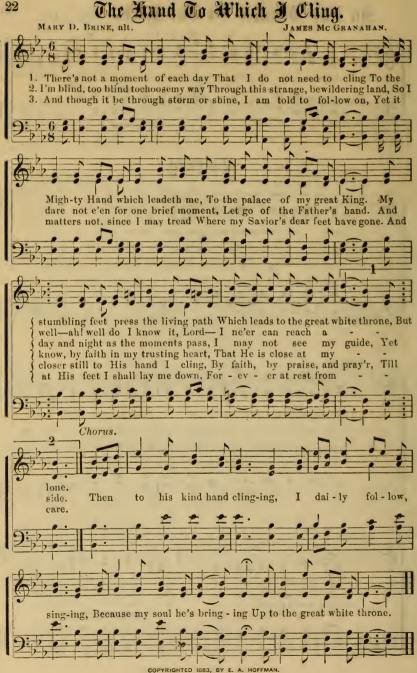


- 1. There is a dear and hallowed spot, Oft pre-sent to my eye;
- 2. Oh, what a scene was there displayed, Of love and a go ny,
- 3. When faint ing un-der guilt's dread load, Unto the cross I'll fly,
- 4. When the dark scene of death, the last Momentous hour draws nigh,









#### I Aced Thee, Lord.

JOHN 15: 5. "Without me ye can do nothing."



- 3. When at the cross, in anguish bent.
  An humble, weeping penitent,
  My tears and all my efforts spent,
  O then I need thee, Lord!
  - When longs my soul for deeper rest,
     To be with all thy fullness blest,
     I lean me, then, upon thy breast,
     For then I need thee, Lord,
- 4. When strong temptations come to me
  To tear my trembling soul from Thee,
  Then to thy cross for help I flee
  For then I need thee, Lord.
- 6. I need thee, precious Lord, just now,
  As at the mercy-seat I how,
  And offer up my solemn vow,
  Just now I need thee, Lord.

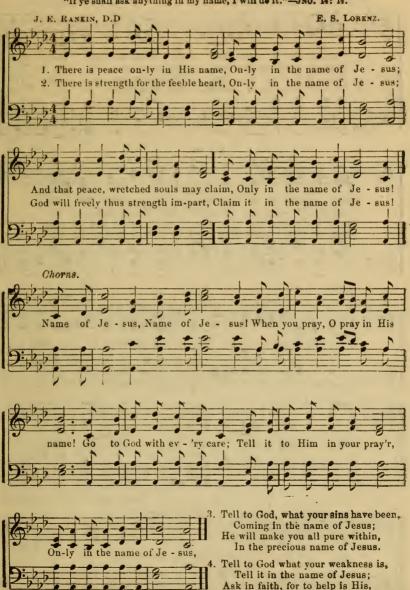
#### The Golden Zight.

Isa. 2: 5.



#### Only Ju The Plame Of Jesus.

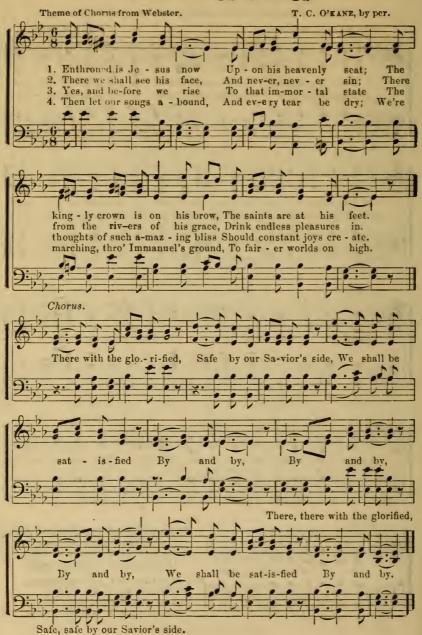
"If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will de it."-JNO. 14: 14.



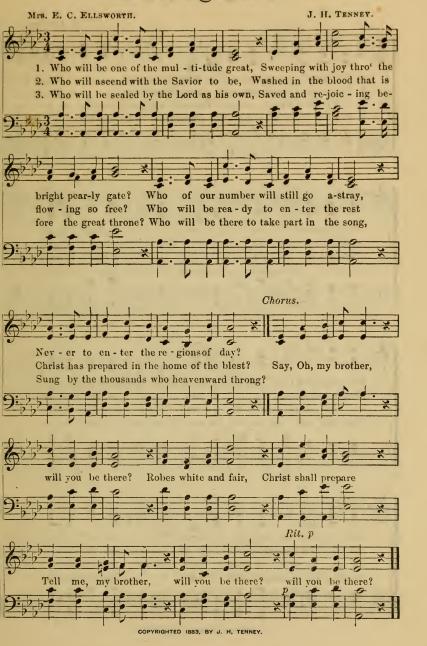
From "Songs of Grace."

If you plead the name of Jesus.

#### Sutisfied By And By.



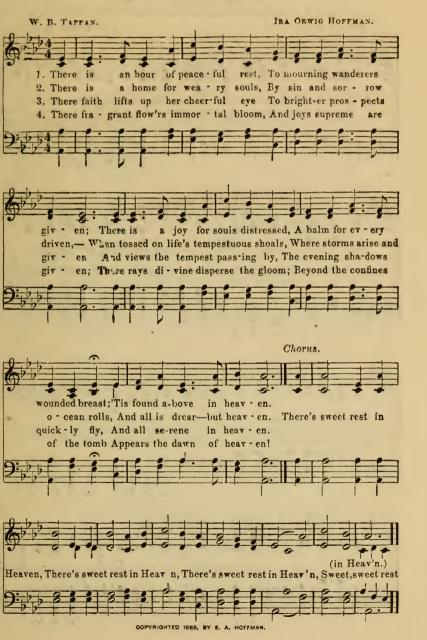
#### Who Will Be There?



### J've found A friend.



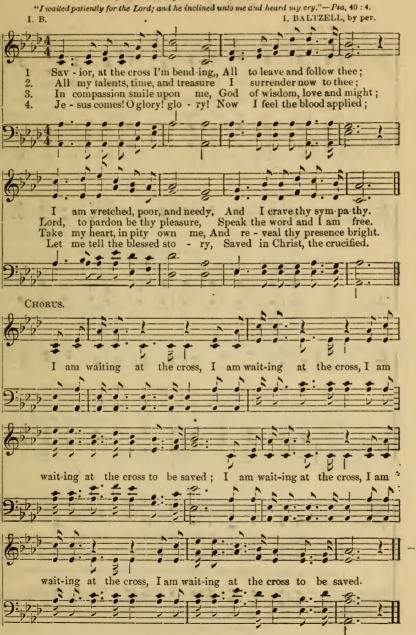
#### Best, Sweet Best.



#### Will you Come To The Cross?

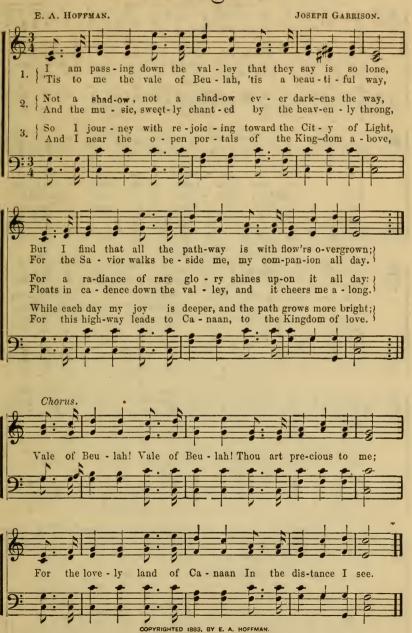


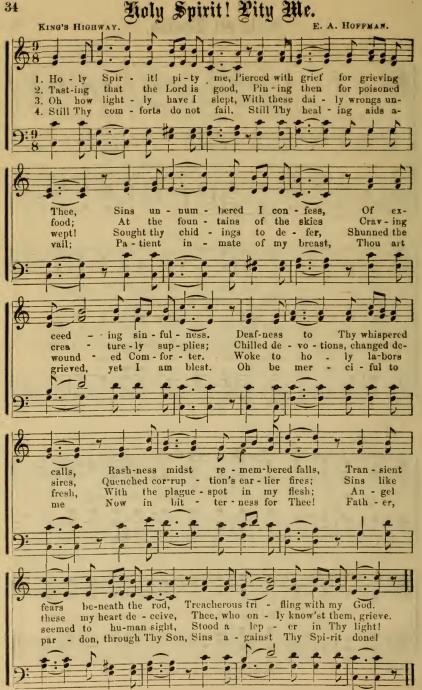
#### Waiting at the Cross.



#### Each Day 3 Little Bearer.







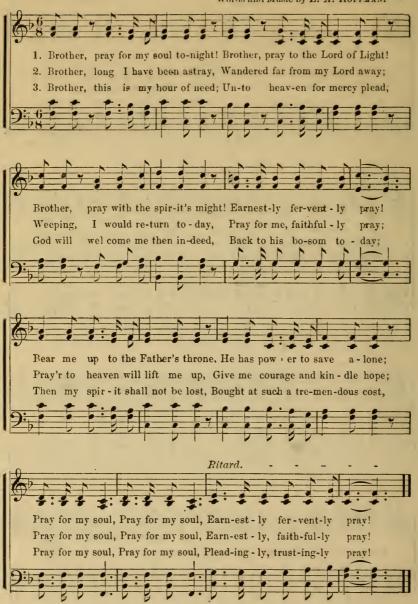
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#### The Warm, Warm Heart Of Jesus.



# Brother, Pray for My Soul.

Words and Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.



#### Sometime, Somewhere.

E. A. HOFFMAN. 1. Unanswered vet? the pray'r your lips have pleaded In ag - 0 - ny 2. Unanswered yet? tho' when you first present - ed This one pe - ti - tion 3. Unanswered yet? nay, do not say un-grant - ed, Perhaps your part is 4. Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered, Her feet are firm - ly heart these many years? Does faith begin to fail; is hope de - part - ing, at the Father's throne, It seemed you could not wait the time of ask - ing, not yet whol - ly done, The work be-gan when first your pray'r was uttered, planted on the Rock: A - mid the wild - est storms she stands undaunted, And think you in vain those falling tears? Say not, the Fath - er all was your heart to make it known, Tho' years have pass-ed So urg - ent God will fin - ish what He has be - gun, If you will keep the Nor quails be - fore the loudest thun-der-shock, She knows Om-ni - pohad not heard your pray'r; You shall have your answer sometime, somewhere. since then, do not despair; God will answer you sometime, somewhere. in-cense burning there, You shall see his power sometime somewhere. tence has heard her pray'r, Ories, "It shall be done," sometime, somewhere.

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#### y Want To Be A Worker.



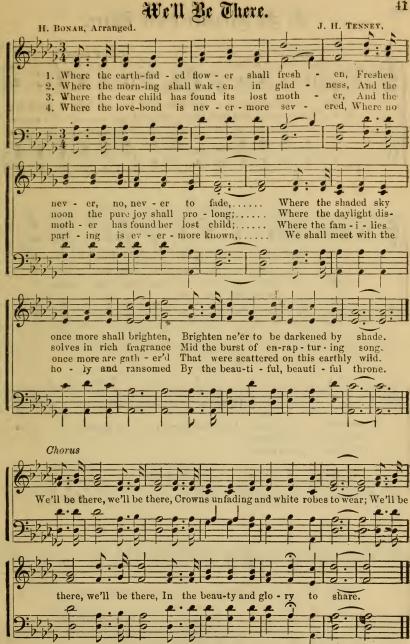
# Wandering Sinuer, Zeturn.



# Knith Hymn-Trusting Jesus.

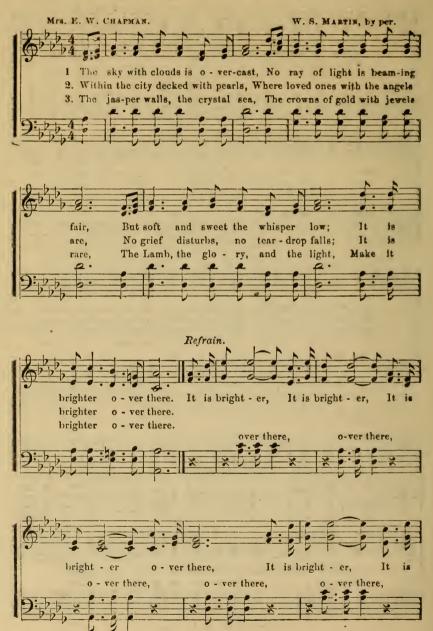






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# It Is Brighter Over There.



### It Is Brighter over There.—Concluded.

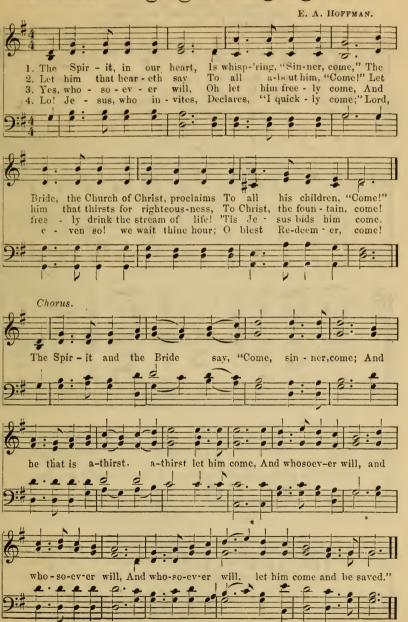


### Don't Keep Jesus Wniting.





# Whosoever Will, Bet Him Come And Be Saved. 45

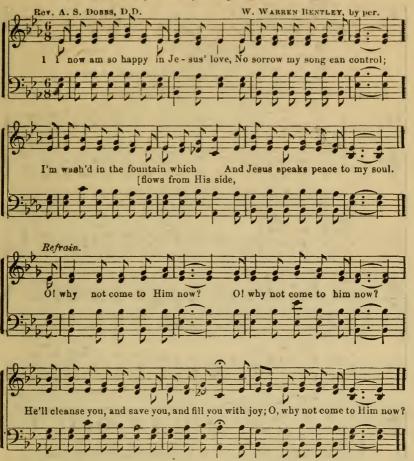


# The Three fold Promise.



# Why yot Come To Him Yow?

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."-Ileb. 2: 8.

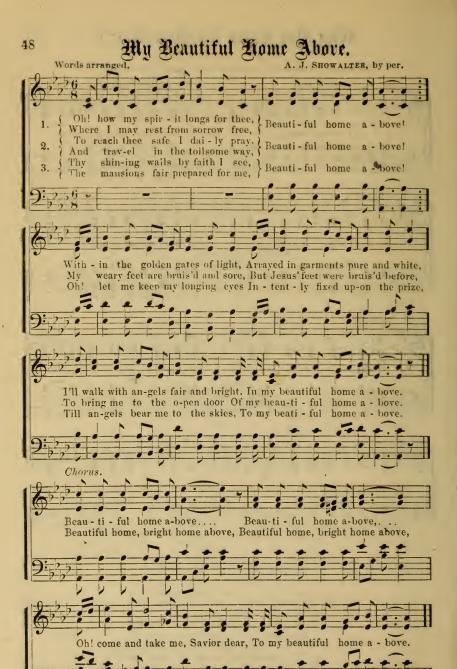


- I know I'm a sinner, a sinner redeemed,
   A brand taken out of the flame!
   I'll let my light shine so that others may see,
   And glorify Jesus' name.—Chorus.
- O, poor wandering sinner, cast off by the way, And ready to perish and die, Believe, and accept Him, while mercy is near,

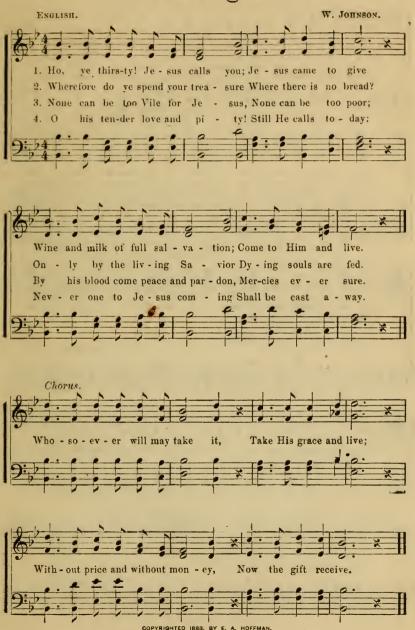
For Jesus is now passing by.—Chorus.

4. The way is so simple, the foolish may view,
The lame and the blind may come too—

Though your sins are as crimson, he'll welcome you home, His blood can make whiter than snow.—Chorus.

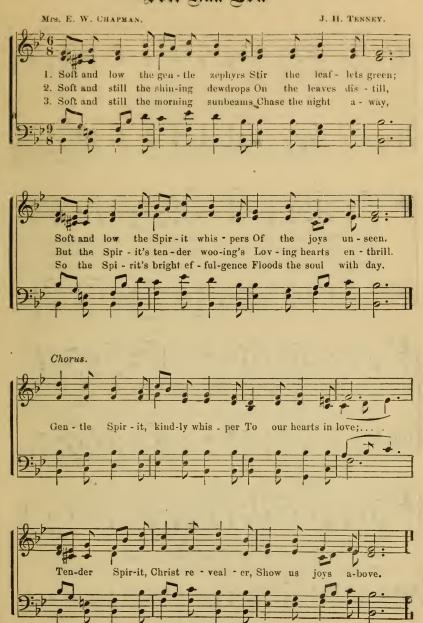


### Come To Kim.





#### Soft And Low.



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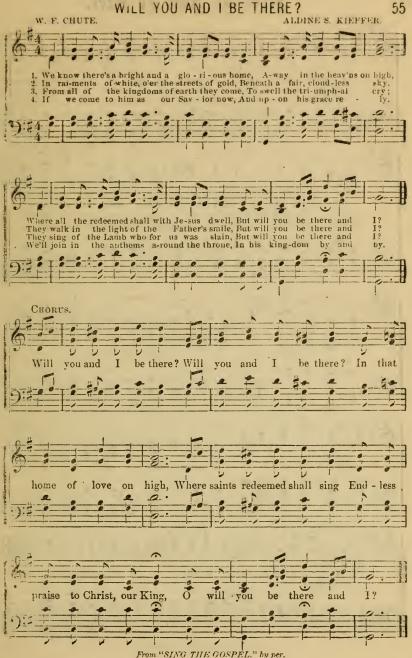


#### I Am The Lord's Korever.



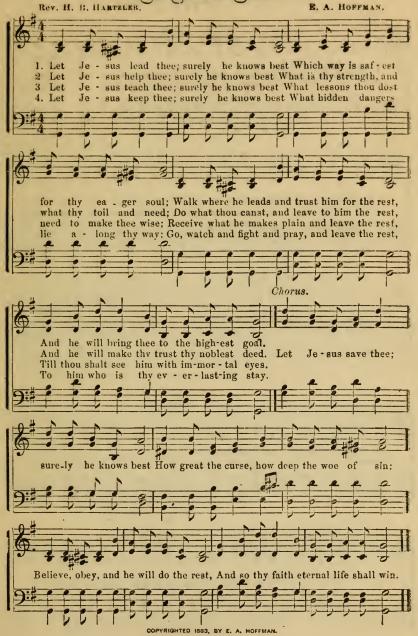
# Jesus now is Lassing by.







He Knows Best.





#### Jesus Shall Have It All.



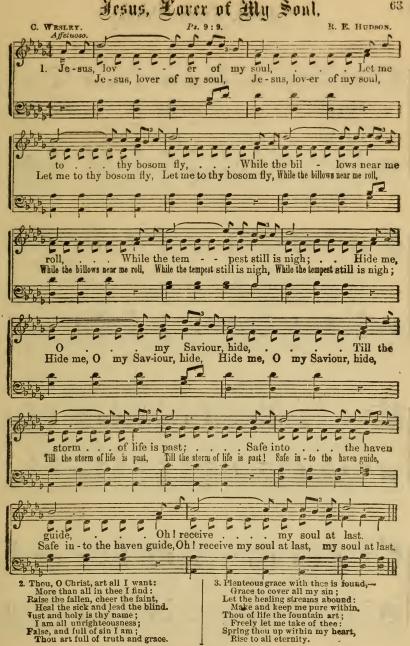
# Seeking Lence And Best.





J. H. TENNEY, by per.



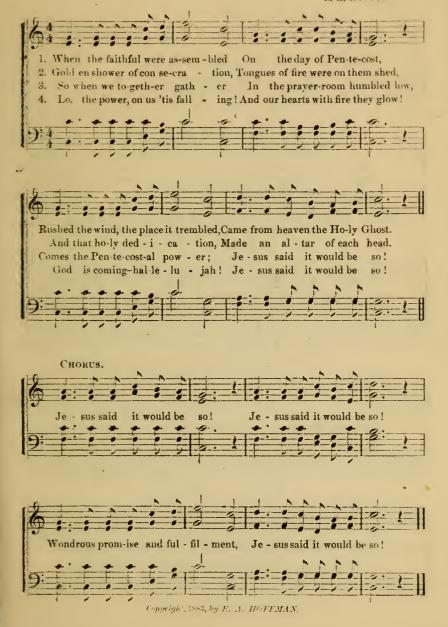


# Come, Trust, Bray.

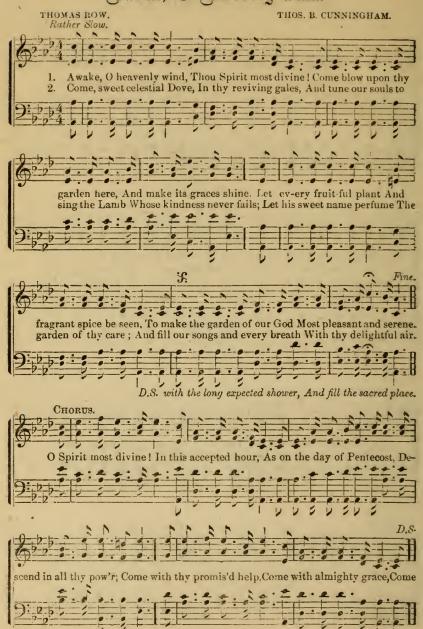


#### Jesus Suid it Would Be So!

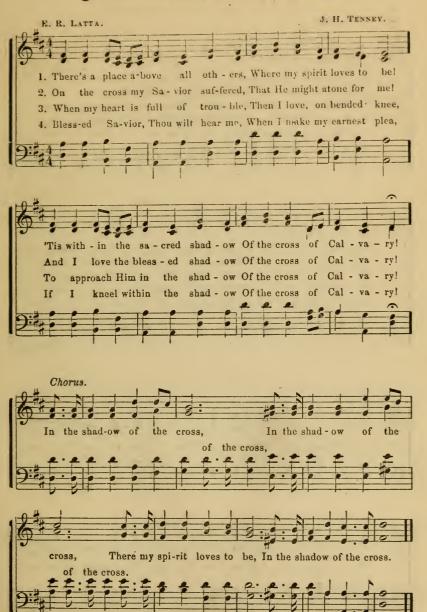
E. A. HOFFMAN.



# Awake, O Heavenly wind.



# In The Shadow Of The Cross.



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# Sweet Baradise.



## Tell Us Something More.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD. E. ROBERTS, by per. 1. Tell us something more of the love of Jesus, Christian, tell us something more; 2. Tell us something more of the cru-ci-fixion, Tell us how he bled and died; 3. Tell us something more of the Holy City, When they strewed the way with palms; us how he suffered death for sinners, Tell us of the cross he bore. Tell us of the blood that ev-er cleanses, Flowing from his wounded side. Tell us how he gathered lit-tle children In - to his most lov-ing arms. sus, Tell us more and more.

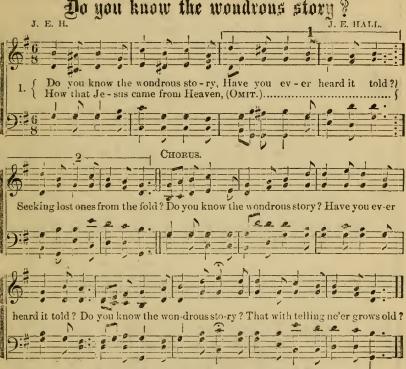


## Bearer Liome. - Concluded.



Near - er home, dear home, near-er home,

- 2 Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim, Hails the setting of the sun, For his goal is one day nearer, And his journey nearly done; Thus we feel when o'er life's desert, Heart and sandal-sore we roam; As the twilight gathers o'er us, We are one day nearer home.
- 3 Nearer home! yes, one day nearer
  To our Father's house on high—
  To the green fields and the fountains,
  Of the land beyond the sky;
  For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
  And the lamps hang in the dome,
  And our tents are pitched still closer,
  For we're one day nearer home.



2 Have you heard how much he suffered, 3 Is it true that you have heard it?

Hanging on the cruel tree?

That we all might have salvation
And should live eternally.

Then why not just now believe it,
And find comfort, hope, and cheer.

## Be Not Knithless.



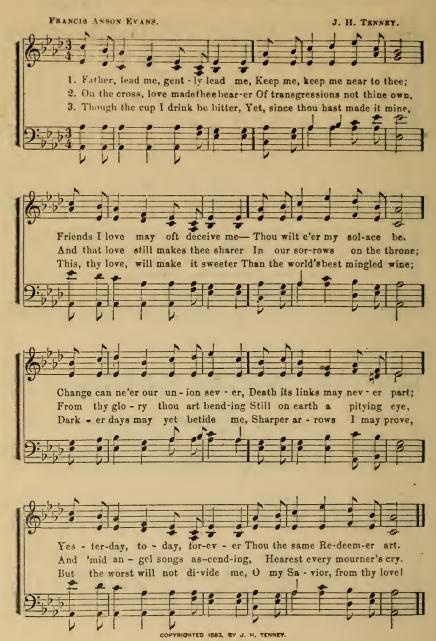
S. WESLEY MARTIN, arranged.



### Wonderful Grace.



# father, Zead Me.

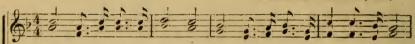






## Would you meet me in the Kingdom?

"AMERICAN SPIRITUAL" Arr.



- 1. O broth-er, will you meet me, On Ca-naan's bright and beau-ti ful shore?
  2. What is your hope, my broth-er? Is Christ the on ly trust of your heart?
- 3. O bear the cross, my broth -er, Walk dai ly in the path-way of light,

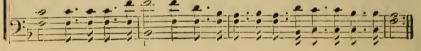




In heav - en will you meet me, When the toils and sor rows of this life are o'er?

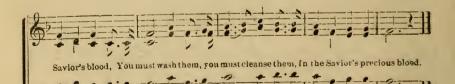
To - day, if He should call you, Could you an-swer I am read y to de-part?

And when the Sa-vior calls you, In the King-dom you shall walk with him in white.









## What will you do in that Day?

T. B. WEAVER.



- Lis-ten. oh! lis-ten to Je-sus,
   Christ is a ref-uge for sin-ners.
   Tender-ly asking your heart,
   Flee to the arms of his love;
- 3. Toiling for wealth that will per ish, Charmed with the toys that decay,
- 4. Think of the loved ones in Heaven, In yonder cit y of Light,



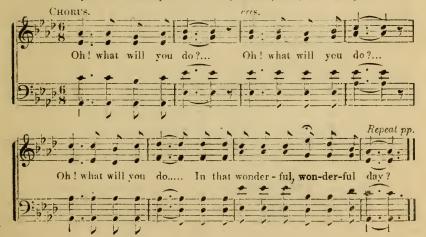
Will-ing to rescue and save you, And his rich grace to impart! If you neglect this sal-va-tion, How can you meet him above? Blinded by sin and by fol-ly,... Sinning from day un-to day, Waiting for you at the por-tal, What, if your soul take its flight?



Oh! if his calls are all slighted,... And in your sins you still go, Can you not give up your pleas ures, Turn from earth's trifles a way? Sin - ner, just think of the wa - ges You for your sin shall receive! Would you be read y to greet them, Anxious the gates to pass through?



What will you do in the judgment. Wonder-ful day of great woe? On! if you eling to your i - dols, What will you do in that day? Turn to the dear, lov-ing Sa - vior, Hum-bly con fess and be-lieve! If you have no hope in Je - sus, Sinner, then, what will you do?



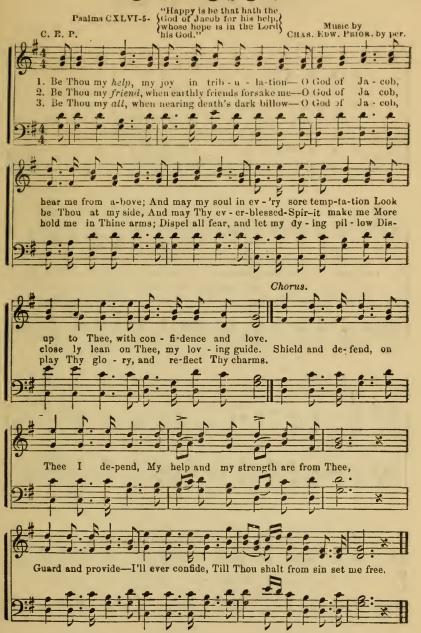
## Whosoever Believeth.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

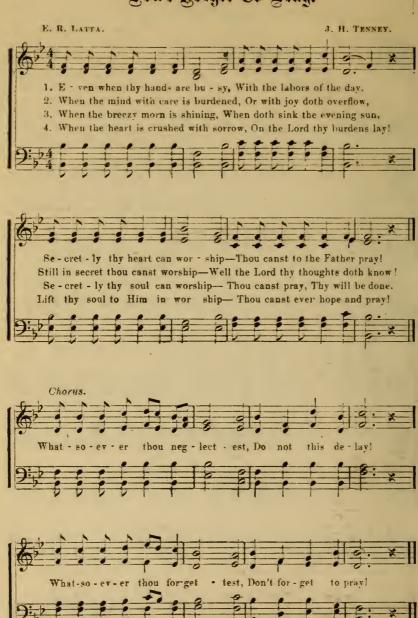


- Whoe'er my Word believeth, We hear the Savior say, A pardon full receiveth, All sins are washed away.
- 4 O! Brother come and trust Him, O! come to Him to-day, He's waiting to receive you, Why longer then delay?

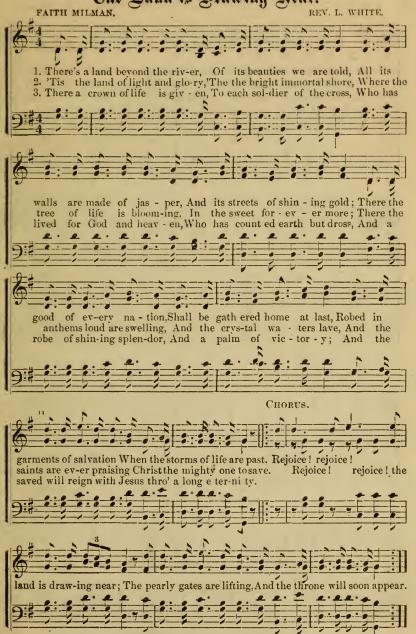
# Be Thou My Kelp.



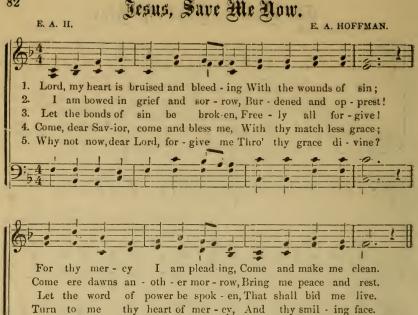
# Don't Korget To Brny.



### The Band is Drawing Near.



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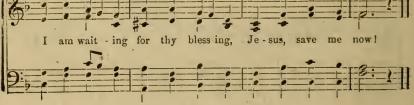


a child

of thine?

Why not now, dear Lord, re-ceive me As

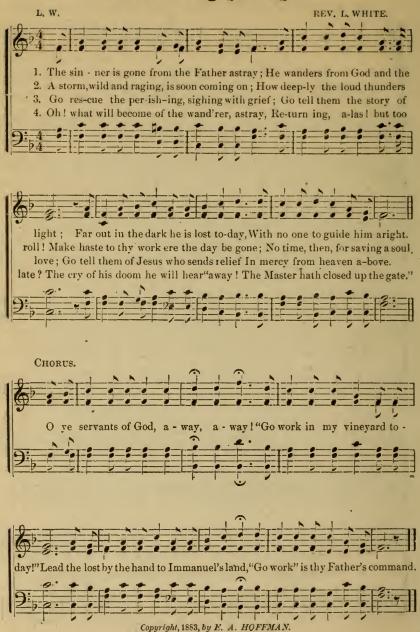




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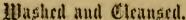
Harp, a Robe, a Crown. 83 REV. E. STINCHCOMB. 1. Oh, give 2. Oh, give on the brighthills of glo - ry, When harp me a in the fade - less for - ev - er, Beme crown 3. Then give robe from the hands of my Say - ior, That's me To sing with the an -gels the life and its la-bors are o'er,...... To shine on for - ev - er, in youd where the pearly gates stand,..... I'll sing the glad song of rewashed and made white in his blood;..... eme of the ho - ly, Who dwell on the glo - ri - fied shore......glo - ri - fied splendor, With saints all im-mor - tal and grand..... and grand..... demption for - ev - er, And dwell in the land of our God .... CHORUS. Oh! the song that we'll sing, To the Savior, our King, When life and its la - bors are o'er the song of his love, And with angels a-bove, We'll dwell in his light evermore!

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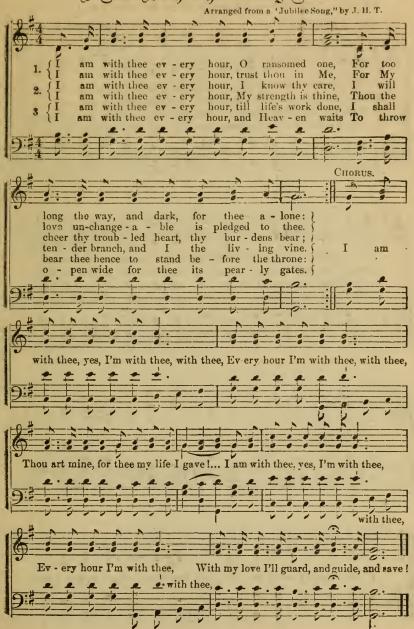
## In the Cross of Christ I Glory.







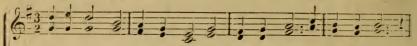
I Am With Thee Every Your.



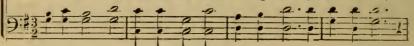
"Who loved me, and gave Himself for me."-GAL. 2:20.

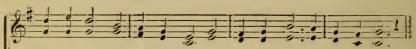
MRS. M. E. BLISS WILSON.

W. W. BENTLEY, by per.

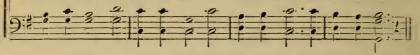


- 1. Oh! the wondrous love that res-cued, My poor soul from guilt and sin;
- 2. In my wretch-ed-ness I wan-dered, Seek-ing how to ease my mind;
- 3. 'Twas the Spir-it whis-pered to me, Seek in Christ thy rest and peace;
- 4. Now I know that Je-sus saves me, Fill-ing all my soul with love;

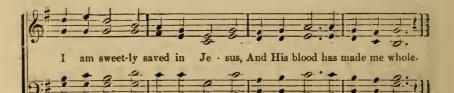




Oft I heard the Spir-it knock-ing, Then I wel-comed Je-sus in. Though I tried all earth-ly pleas-ure, Peace and rest I could not find. And with earn-est-ness I sought him, And he gave my soul re-lease. Un-to him be praise and glo-ry, Both in earth and heav'n a bove.



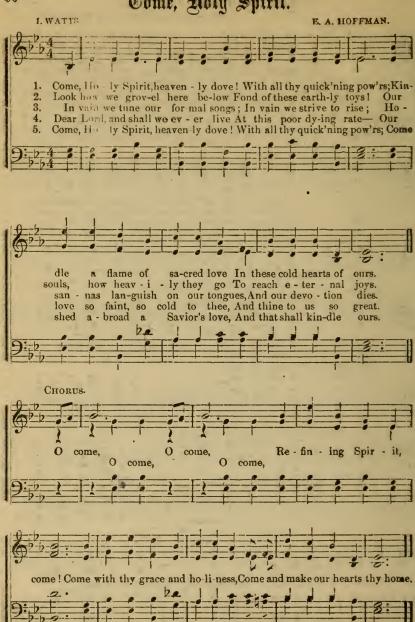




for you and for Me,

Words and Music by WILL, L. THOMPSON. Very slow. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je-sus is call-ing, - Call-ing for you and for Why should we tarry when Je-sus is pleading,—Pleading for you and for Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,—Passing from you and from O for the won-der - ful love he has promised,-Promised for you and for See on the portals He's wait-ing and watching, me. Why should we lin - ger and heed not His mer-cies,— Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, deathbeds are com - ing, me? me. Tho' we have sinn'd He has mer - cy and par - don,me. REFRAIN. Watch-ing for you and for me-Come home, come home, Mer-cies for you and for me? Come home, come home. Com - ing for you and for me. Par-don for you and for me. Ye who are wea-ry, come home ritard. Je - sus is call-ing, - Call-ing, 0 sin-ner, come home

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Hallelujah, What a Savior!



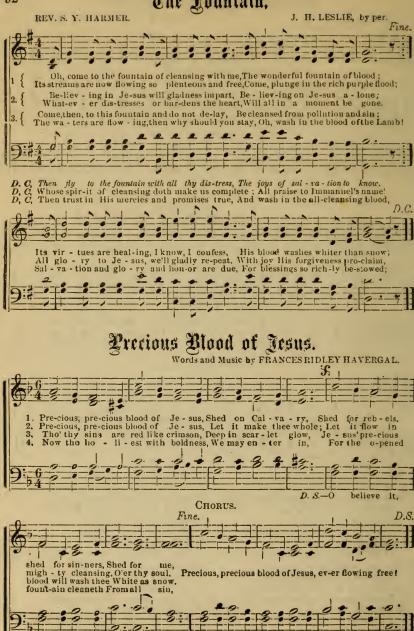
While eternal ages roll.

Jesus' blood has made me so.

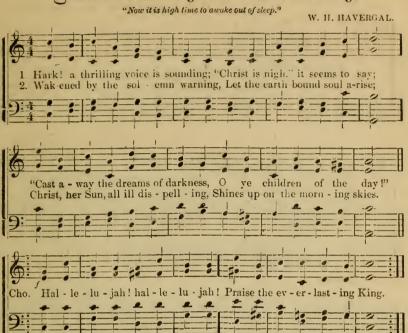
receive

it, 'Tis for

thee.



## Hark! a Thrilling Voice is Sounding.



3. Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven. Cho.

4. And when next he comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With his mercy may he shield us,
And with words of love draw near. Cho.

# My Sacrifice.

HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL, alt.

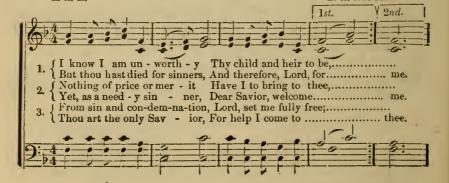
E. A. HOFFMAN.

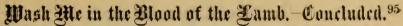


- 2. Lord, bethink thee, I am poor, Scaut and small is my store; At thy feet my all I pour, What can I more?
- 3. Since thou, Lord, hast deigned to ask
  O how sweet is the task,
  Though the gift be poor, to bring
  Everything?
- 4. Savior, is there anything,
  I have now failed to bring?
  Lies my offering incomplete
  At thy feet?
- 5. Savior, O do not despise
  This, my poor sacrifice!
  Take the gift I bring to thee,
  And bless me.



Wash Me in the Blood of the Lam E. A. H. E. A. HOFFMAN.





E. A. H. CHORUS. E. A. HOFFMAN.





### Too Late—No Room!

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN. Slowly, Earnestly.

J. H. TENNEY.

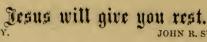


- Too late-no room! The "Lamb's bright hall of song" Is clos'd for-ev er While down the slope of hills the day de-clin'd, Thou in thine ease and
- Did'st thou not see the shadows rush-ing by, And hear the Spirit's A las! a-las! the banquet was for thee, The bridegroom bade thee
- is the door, and barred; Tis vain to cry: Oh Now closed for ev - er





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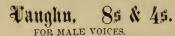


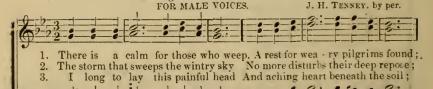


Will you come, will you come?
There is mercy for you,
Balm for your aching breast;
Only come as you are,
And believe on his name,
Jesus will give you rest.

hal py rest.

3 Will you come, will you come?
How he pleads with you now!
Fly to his loving breast;
And whatever your sin
Or your sorrow may be,
Jesus will give you rest.







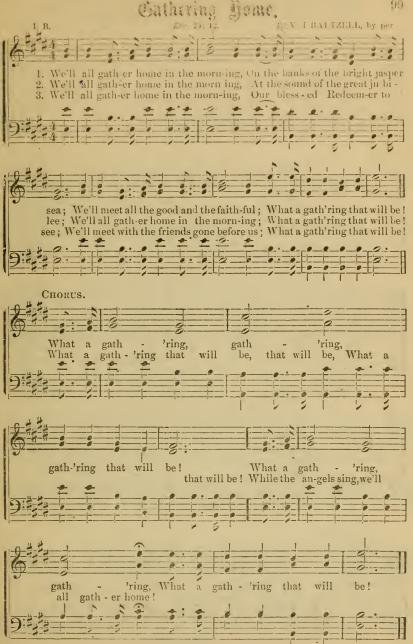
D. S. Fill me with Thy hal-low'd pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.





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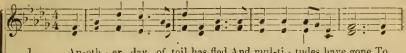
## Me shall Best—Concluded.



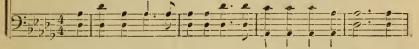
# In Heaven We'll Meet Again.



MISS CALLIE SWARTZ.



- An-oth er day of toil has fled, And mul-ti tudes have gone To
- How ma ny bless-ings rich and choice, On earth were kindly giv'n; But
- The past with so much mercy strew'd, Is with its life work gone; The
- We ren-der grate-ful thanks to God For his pre serv-ing care, Whose





join the si-lent, sleeping dead, And wait the judgment morn. these will not compare with joys That greet the sav'd in heav'n. Farewell! Farere-cord of its good or ill Is at the Fa-ther's throne.

grace will bring us safely to The mansions o - ver there.





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WHERE HE.



O ye who seek the Saviour, look up in faith and love, Come up into the sunshine, so bright and warm above! No longer tread the valley, but clinging to his hand. Ascend the shining summits, and view the glorious land.

Our harp-notes should be sweeter, our trumpet-tones more clear, Our anthems ring so grandly that all the world must hear, Ohi royal be our music, for who hath Like these, the Lord's redeemed ones, the children of the King!

In full and glad surrender we give our-selves to Thee, Thine utterly, and only, and evermore to be.

O Son of God, who lov'st us, we will be thine alone,
And all we are, and have, Lord, shall henceforth be thine own !

DENNIS.



WE meet now in thy name, We plead thy promise, Lord, Thy presence with us, Lord, we claim According to thy word.

Show us thy hands, thy side,
And as those wounds we see,
Mey each exclaim, For me Christ died! He lives again for me!

Open each mind and heart, To understand thy word, That we may see in every part, The Christ, the Lamb of God.

Breathe on each waiting soul, And may we all receive The Holy Ghost, in us to dwell, Our hearts ne'er more to leave,

Believing, we rejoice
Our risen Lord to see,
And say with gladsome heart and voice,
My Lord! my God! to thee.

Fill us with peace and joy,
Thou, who for us wast slain;
We'll others tell and others bring To meet thee here again.



MOURNER in Zion, how blessed act thou. For Jesus is waiting to comfort thee now, Fear not to rely on the word of thy God, Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

O ye that are hungry and thirsty, rejoice! For ye shall be filled. Hear ye not that sweet

Inviting you now to the banquet of God? Step out on the promise,—get under the blood.

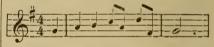
Who sighs for a heart from iniquity free? O, poor troubled soul! there's a promise for thee:

There's rest, weary one, in the bosom of God; Step out on the promise,—get under the

The promise don't save, though each promise is true ;

Tis the blood we get under that cleanses us through; It cleanses us now, give the glory to God!

We rest on the promise,-we're under the blood.



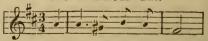
HE Holy Ghost is come;
We feel his presence here;
Our hearts would now no longer roam, But bow in filial fear.

This tenderness of love, This hush of solemn power, 'Tis heaven descending from above
To fill this favour'd hour.

Earth's darkness all has fied, Heav'ns light securely shines, And ev'ry heart divinely led, To holy thought inclines,

No more let sin deceive, Nor earthly cares betray : Oh! let us never, never grieve The Comforter away,

The Wondrous Gift.



CRACE tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven with the echo shall resound, And all the earth shall hear,

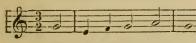
REF.—Saved by grace alone, This is all my plea; Jesus died for all mankind, And Jesus died for me.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

Grace taught my roving feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each hour I meet, While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown, Through everlasting days; It lays in heaven the topmost stone, And well deserves our praise.

#### I Love Thy Kingdom.



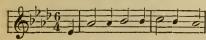
I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord, The house of thine abode, The Church our blest Redeemer saved With his own precious blood;

I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand,

Beyond my highest joy I prize her heavenly ways; Her sweet communion, solemn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.

Sure as thy truth shall last, To Zion shall be given The brightest glories earth can yield, And brighter bliss of heaven.

#### How Sweet the Name.



HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds In a believer's ear: It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, and drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.

Jesus, mý Shepherd, Saviour, Friend; My Prophet, Priest, and King; My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,— Accept the praise I bring. I would thy boundless love proclaim With every fleeting breath. So shall the music of thy name Refresh my soul in death.

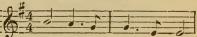
#### O Holy Spirit, Come.



O HOLY Spirit, come.
And Jesus' love declare;
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,
And guide us safely there.

Come with resistless power, Come with almighty grace, Come with the long-expected shower, And fall upon this place.

#### Nearer to Thee.

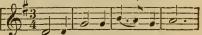


NEARER, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee.
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

There let the way appear, Steps unto heaven, All that thou sendest me, In mercy given, Angels to beckon me Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee!

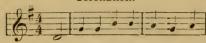
#### Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



HOLY Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land;
Weary souls fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whispering softly, wanderer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Ever-present, truest Friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness frear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Heartsgrow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home!

#### Coronation.



A LL hail the power of Jesus' name, Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown him Lord of all,

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe, On this terrestrial ball, To him all majesty ascribe, And crown him Lord of

O that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall, We'll join the everlasting song, And crown him Lord of all.

#### Blest be the tie.



BLEST be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love, The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

Before our Father's throne We pour our ardent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts and our cares.

We share our mutual woes, Our mutual burdens bear, And often for each other flows The sympathizing tear.

When we asunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet again.

#### How Solemn are the Words.

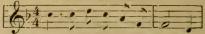
HOW solemn are the words, And yet to faith how plain, Which Jesus uttered while on earth,— "Ye must be born again!"

"Ye must be born again!"
For so hath God decreed,
No reformation will suffice—
Tis LIFE poor sinners need.

"Ye must be born again,!"
And life in Christ must have;
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—
'Tis he Alone can save.

"Ye must be born again,!"
Or never enter heaven;
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—
The ransomed are forgiven.

What a Friend.



WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear' What a privlege to carry Everything to God in prayer! O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear, All because we do not carry

Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Everything to God in prayer!

Rock of Ages.

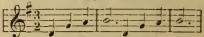


ROCK of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee, Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed, Be of sin the double cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow, Could my zeal no languor know, Thease for sin could not atone, Thou must save, and thou alone, In my hand no price I bring, Simply to thy cross I cling,

While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eyes shall close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold thee on thy throne, Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee.

Happy Day.



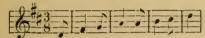
O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapture all abroad,

CHO.—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.

'Tis done, the great transaction's done— I am my Lord's and he is mine; He drew me, and I followed on, Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

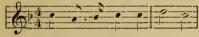
#### Sweet Hour of Prayer.



SWEET hour of prayer, sweet hour of That calls me from a world of care, and bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known! In seasons of distress and grief My soul has often found relief, and oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer Thy wings shall my petition bear To him, whose truth and faithfulness; Engage the waiting soul to bless: And since he bids me seek his face, Believe his word. and trust his grace, I'll east on him my every care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

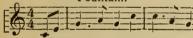
#### Work for the night.



WORK for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mind springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done,

Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Some hing to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

#### Fountain.



THERE is a fountain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins: And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its power, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are sayed, to sin no more,

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds supply, Redeeming love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.

#### I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



HEAR thy welcome voice,
That calls me, Lord, to thee,
For cleansing in thy precious blood
That flowed on Calvary.

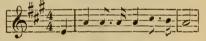
cho.—I am coming, Lord,\* Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

Though coming weak and vile, I hou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all and pure.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

All hail, atoning blood! All hail, redeeming grace! All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness!

#### The Home Over There.



OH! think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light, Where the saints, all immortal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white.

oh, think of the home over there.

Oh, think of the friends over there. Who before us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God.

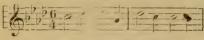
RLF.—Over there, over there, Oh, think of the friends over there.

My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.

REF.—Over there, over there, My Saviour is now over there.

I'il soon be at home over there, For the end of my journey I see, Many dear to my heart, over there, Are watching and waiting for me.

REF,—Over there, over there, I'll soon be at home over there. i. ···· Me.



LORD, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free-Showers the thirstylend refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me,

CHo,—Even me, even me, Let thy blessing fall on me.

Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sinful though my reart may be: Thou might'st leave me, but the rather Let thy mercy fall on me.

Pass me not, O tender Saviour! Let me love and cling to thee: I am longing for thy favor: Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me!

Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see:
Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

#### Before the Cross.

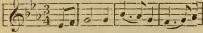


M Y faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Olet me from this day
Be wholly thine.

May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be.— A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tears away, Norlet me ever stray From thee aside.

#### Just as I am.



JUST as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come!

Pray for Reapers.



Saints of God! the dawn is brightening, Token of our coming Lord; O'er the earth the field is whitening; Louder rings the Master's word: Pray for reapers In the harvest of the Lord,

Feebly now they toil in sadness,
Weeping o'er the waste around,
Slowly gathering grains of gladness,
While their echoing cries resound:
Pray that reapers
In God's harvest may abound.

Now, O Lord! fulfil thy pleasure; Breathe upon thy chosen band, And with Pentecostal measure Send forth reapers o'er our land, Faithful Reapers, Gathering sheaves for thy right hand.

Is not this the Land of Beulah?



I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
For exceeds my fondest dreams
Where the air is pure, ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers
That are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

CHO. Is not this the land of Beulab, Blessed, blessed land of light, Where the flowers bloom forever, And the sunlight fadeth not?

I can see far down the mountain, Where I wandered weary years, Often hindered in my journey By the ghosts of doubts and fears, Broken vows and disappointments Thickly sprinkled all the way, But the Spirit led unerring To the land I hold to day.

I am drinking at the fountain,
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river,
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures,
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeth not away.

Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

Marching Home Together.



WILL you join our happy band, Marching home together, Traveling to the better land, Marching home together? Will you wait with us for him Who will end all sorrow, Gazing past earth's dark to-day, To heaven's bright to-morrow?

CHO.—Marching home, marching home, Marching home together, Heart to heart and hand in hand. Marching home together!

Strangers here, we seek no place,
Marching Home together,
Every step we learn his grace,
Marching home together,
Every need by him supplied,
Wakes a note of singing,
Every sorrow sanctified
Praise to him is bringing.

Every day the miles grow less,
Marching home tegether,
As our footsteps onward press,
Marching home together,
Even now we catch a gleam,
Hear the chorus swelling,
As each wanderer finds his place
In the Father's dwelling.

Lord God, the Holy Ghost.



LORD God, the Holy Ghost!
In this accepted hour,
As on the day of Pentecost,
Descend in all thy power.

Like mighty rushing wind Upon the waves beneath, Move with one impulse every mind, One soul, one feeling breathe.

The young, the old inspire
With wisdom from above,
And give us hearts and tongues of fire,
To pray, and praise, and love.

Spirit of truth! be thou
In life and death our guide:
O Spirit of adoption: now
May we be sanctified.

#### Have ye Received the Holy Ghost?



Disciples of the Holy One,
Have ye the Holy Ghost received?
Has heaven's baptismal fire come down
Upon your souls since ye believed?
The errat Refiner—has He came
And purified your souls from sin,
And in your hearts set up His home,
And brought his heavenly kingdom in?

The Penteeostal hallowed shower Which on the waiting suppliants came, The blest anointing, sacred power,

The blest anointing, sacred power,
The all-inspiring heavenly flame,
Are all your being's powers imbued
With Christlike sweetness, holy joy?
With Jesus' blessed mind emdued—
Do heavenly things your powers employ?

Are you in perfect harmony
With God's own will each day and hour?
In all things only Him to see,
And ever feel His saving power?
A spotless sonl, a single eye,
A spirit filled with love and peace;

A life His name to glorify—
Your God alone to serve and please?

The blessed Comforter divine
Delights to make us His'abode,
In His own brightness thus to shine,
As trophies of His saving blood.
Oh, Holy Ghost, how blest Thy sway!
To purify and save each day;
Oh, Christians, have ye yet received
The Holy Ghost since ye believed?

#### Tell it to God.



WHATEVER troubles thee, Tell it to God; All thy anxiety, Tell it to God; For every earthly grief This is thy sweet relief— Tell it to God.

That pain which none may know,
Tell it to God;
That word which grieved thee so,
Tell it to God;
Earth has no ready cure.
God's sympathy is sure—
Tell it to God.

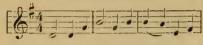
Host thou impatient been?
Tell it to God;
Art prone through this to sin?
Tell it to God;
He knows thy weakness all,
Will help thee lest thou fallTell it to God,

Does care corrode thy life?
Tell it to God;
Art weary with
Tell it to God;
He says, Bring all thy care
To Me, to help thee bear—
Tell it to God.

Art grieving o'er thy loss?
Tell it to God;
Art sinking 'neath thy cross?
Tell it to God;
He can assuage thy pain,
He will with grace sustain—
Tell it to God.

Whate'er may thee befall, Tell it to God;
Thy grief or great or small, Tell it to God;
To him bring each request, In him find joy and rest—
Tell all to God.

#### I am Praying for you.



HAVE a Saviour, he's pleading in glory, A near, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few, And now he is watching in tenderness o'er

me, And, oh, that my Saviour, were your Sav-

iour, too!

сно.-For you I am praying,: I'm praying for you.

I have a Father: to me he has given A hope for eternity, blessed and true, And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven, [ine. too! But, oh, that he'd let me bring you with

I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness Awaiting in glory my wondering view; Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness, Dear friend, could I see you receiving one, too!

#### What hast thou done for Me?



I GAVE my life for thee, My precious blood I shed. That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead; I gave, I gave My life for thee! What hast thou given for Me?

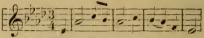
My Father's house of light,-My glory-circled throne,—
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee! Hast thou left aught for Me?

I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bitterest agony.

To rescue thee from hell: I've borne, I've borne it all for thee. What hast thou borne for Me?

And I have brought to thee, Down from my home above, Salvation full and free, My pardon and My love; I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee! What hast thou brought to Me?

#### Communion. C. M.



Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

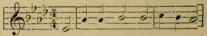
Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing p:ty! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in, When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face While His dear cross appears; Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give myselt away,— Tis all that I can do.

#### Azmon. C. M.



O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame: A light to shine upon the road That lea sine to the Lamb!

Where is the blasedness I knew When first I saw the Lord? Where is the soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory stil But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.

Return, O Holy Dove, return, Sweet messenger of rest! I hate the sing that made Thee mourn, And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known, Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God; Calm and serene my frame; So purer light will mark the road That leads me to the Lamb.

#### Naomi. C. M.

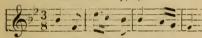


Father, whate'er of earthly bliss Thy sovereign will denies, Accepted at thy throne of grace, Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart, From every murmur tree: The blessings of Thy grace impart And make me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My life and death attend; Thy presence through my journey shine. And crown my journey's end.

#### Penitence. 7, 6, 8.

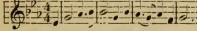


Jesus, let Thy pitying eye
Call back a wandering sheep;
False to Thee, like Peter, I
Would fain, like Peter, weep:
Let me be by grace restored;
On me be alf long-suffering shown;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone.

Saviour, Prince. enthroned above, Repentance to impart, Give me, through Thy dying love, The humble, contrite heart; Give what I have long implored, A portion of Thy grief unknown; Turn, and look upon me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

See me, Saviour, from above,
Nor suffer me to die;
Life, and happiness, and love
Drop fron Thy gracious eye:
Speak the reconciling word.
And let thy mercy melt me down;
Turn, and look upon me, Lord,
And break my heart of stone

#### The Saints' Home, 11.



'Mid scenes of confusion and creature complaints,

How sweet to the soul is communion

with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's

And feel in the presence of Jesus at home. Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glory, my home. Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!

And, thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease,

Though oft from Thy presence in sadness
I roam,
I long to behold Thee in glory, at home.

While here in the valley of conflict I stay.

O give me submission, and strength as my day;

In all my afflictions to Thee would I come,

Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

Whate'er Thou deniest, O give me Thy grace,

The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of Thy face: Endue me with pitience to wait at Thy

throne.

And find even now, a sweet foretaste of home.

#### Mount Pisgah. C. M.



On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a withful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie.

O the transporting, rapturous scene, That rises to my sight! Sweet fields arr yed in living green, And rivers of delight.

O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God, the Son. forever reigns, And scatters night away.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath Can reach that healthful shore. Sickness and sorrow, pain and death, Are felt, and feared, no more.

When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face, And in His bosom rest?

Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away, POREST.



MY soul! what hast thou done for God "Lock o'r thy neispent ye re and so; Sum up what thou hast dore for God. And then what God has done for thee.

He made thee when he might have made
A foul that would have have d him more;
He rescued thee from nothingness,
And eet thee on life's happy shore,

He placed an angel at thy side, And strewed joys round thee on thy war; He gave thee rights as thou couldst not claim, And life, free life, before thee lay.

What hast thou done for God, my soul? Look o'er thy misspent years and see; Cry from thy worse than nothingness, Cry, for his mercy upon thee!

VARINA.



I carried many a wearsy load
In prayer to God each day;
Much though upon my cares bestowed,
Then trough my load away.
I let it bear my spirits down
With an oppressive weight;
I asked the Lord my faith to crown,
But would not trust to wait.

I feared to let my burdens lie
Upon the altar there,
But watched them with a jealous eye,
And named them oft in prayer
But never would I trust the Lord,
And leave them in HS hand;
I could not grasp Hs faithful word,
Or follow His command.

Till he refused to let me take
The rift I one day brought;
For I had said; "For Jesus sake,"
Thy will in me be wrought.
Then with new light He filled my soul,
And I was truly blest;
My cer's were unly this control,
My weary sour found rest.

ELETSHIE.



In this hour of consessation,
Lord, I give myself to thee:
Breath the quickening Holy Spirit;
Let it fall and rest on me,
Change and purify my nature;
Fili me with thy peace civine,
Wash mean the blood of cleansing,
Scal meathine, forever thine,

Laid over thing hely alt.

I ke the gift for Jesus sake:

"Tis but my weak heart I bring thee,
A noor, entire to make;
This bring, with tests and trembling;

"I we poor my git and small!
Bot, dear Fathor, do not spun it;
Bringing this, I bring my all,

O how oft, before three bended,
I have struggled with my will !
And but for the Holy Spirit,
It would be unconquered still,
It would be unconquered still,
It twenly Father, take my offering,
Lest my heart and courage fail;
Breathe on me the quickening Spirit?
Let my prayer with thee prevail.

4 REFENTILE.

DEAR me out, O blested Jesus!
Let me get beyond this shore,
Bear me out in deeper water,
Waere I'll find my "self" no more;
Filled with all thy fullness, Jesus,
Lost in that unbounded sea,
Without effort calmly floating,
Previously upborne by thee.

Let the tide of full salvation
Higher rise within my soul,
'Thi my beings my soul,
'Thi my beings my soul of powers
Own thy sweet and full control;
'Till it know thy love's completeness,
'Till it floods this heart of mine;
'Till I'm filled with all the fullness,
Sealed and sanctified as thine.

Bear me out. O blessed Jesus 1 On thy love's unbounded sea, Dritting on its depths unfathome To the great eternity. There to see thy full perfection, To tehold thy form divine, And with all the saved and bloodwashed

Radiant in thy courts to shine.

ALETTA.



L ORD, I want to feel thy power L in this precious, precious, hour, Give to me thy grace divine.

As with fre my soul refine.

O for more of holy power! Lord, i this auspicious hour, Seal me with thy grace divine; As with fire my soul refine.

Work in me the death to sin; Even now the work begin; Let thy grace, revealed in me, Bind me more and more to thee.

May thy soul-transforming love Come, this moment, from above, Into this weak heart of mine, Is affections to refine.

#### Ta sinner and the Saviour.

#### Tune, page 28.

I have notice of my own, But The a tear Lord, hast bought me, I was a war erer fur from Place. But The chast level and sought me,

This son O Carlst, which thou hast bought,
I now Thee surrander:

This hea

which taon hast love tand sought, Throu love is waxing tender,

I have n righteousness in me, My go survivaling.

But, Jesu thine is what I want,
For it s I prevailing.

That right susness eneired sine.

And w I corr sin I'm grieving. I look from out my soul at Thee, And soung is believing.

I know that Thou wilt not forsake,
Ach li whom Thou dost cherish; Activement flow dost cartist;
The frails tor sature, trusting Thee,
Was nover left to per sh,
Lord, hold me fast, and from Thy side,
Nor time, nor death can sever;
Thine here below—a ransomed life—
And Taine above forever.

#### C. M.

Jesus, hine all-victorious love Shed in my heart abroad: Then shall my feet no longer rove, Roote | and fix'd in God.

O that in me the sacred fire Migh now begin to glow: Purn no the dross of base desire, And in the the mountains flow.

O that it now from heaven might fall, And all my sins consum; Come, H by Ghost, for thes I call; Spirit of burning, come.

Refining fire, go through my heart; Illum nate my soul: Scatter thy life through every part, And stactify the wno!e

My steadfast soul, from falling free, shall then no longer m we; While Christ is all the world to me, And all my heart is love.

#### C. M.

Enthroned on high, Almighty Lord, The Holy Ghost send down; Fulfil in u thy faithful word, And all thy mercies crown.

Though on our heads notongues of fire Their wondrous powers impart, Grant, Saviour, what we most desire,— Thy Spirit in our heart.

To our benigh of minds receil

The direction disgaco,
And bring us where to clouds conceal, The brightness of his face,

His love within us shed abroad,-Lif's ever-springing well; Til Gotin us, and werr God, In love eternal dwell

#### L. M.

Take up thy cross, the saviour said, If thou woulds: My disciple be; Deny thyself, the world forsake, And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spirit with alarm, His strength shall bear thy spirit up. And brace thy heart, and nerve thine arm.

Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame Nor let thy folish pride rebel: Tny Lord for thee tne Cross endured, To save thy soul from death and hell,

Take up thy cross then in His strength, And ca mly every danger brave; 'I will guide thee to a better home, And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross, and follow Christ, Nor think till death to lay it down; For only he who bears thy cross, May hope to wear the glorious crown.

#### Tune Greenville.

Come, then all-inspiriny Spirit, Into every longing heart!
Bought for us by Jesus' merit,
Now thy blissful self impart.

сно:-Кеер us from the world unspotted, From all earthly pussions free, Wholly to thyself devoted, Fixed to live and die for thee.

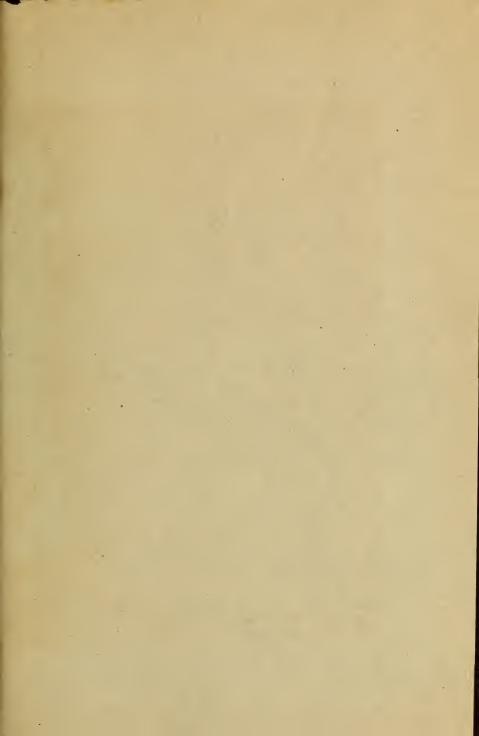
Sign our uncontested pardon; Wash us in atoning blood; Mike outh ans a vatered garden; Fill our thirsty souls with God.

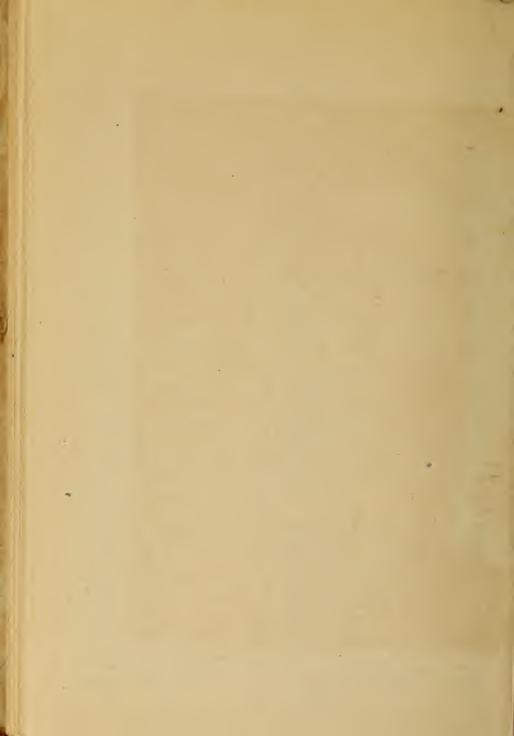
Claim us for thy habitation; Dwell within our hallowed breast; Seal us heirs of full salvation, Fitted for our heavenly rest.

Peare, the seal of sin forgiven, Jor, and perfect love impart, Pres not everlasting heaven, All trou hast and all shou art.

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The tunes are of the sort that take hold, and the words much better than the average. In it are some half dozen pieces by Bliss hitherto unpublished. Give the book an expension amination.

The "Christian Standard and Home Journal," Philadelphia, Pa. Contains a good number of pieces of music of great excellence.

The "Methodist," New York.
Contains excellent hymns which number
over two hundred—the music is rich. The
value of the book is worth more than itu
price of 25 cents for a single copy, or \$20 per 100.

The "Christian Advocate," Nashville, Tenn.
This is rather above the average work of
the kind. Good poetry and sweet music are
both to be found therein, and we can recommend it to Sunday Schools.

The "Central Christian Advocate," St. Louis.
The authors of this volume are well known and have had experience in holding meetings and training schools. We find many favorice hymns in these pages.

The "Religious Telescope," Dayton, O.
It will be found to possess real merit. A
very appropriate and desirable feature is the very appropriate and desirable reactive in the test twenty-seven p res containing the best standard old hymns from the regular collections. These with the fresh and appropriate music of the book, make it one of the best we have yet seen for religious meetings.

The "Morning Star," Dover N. H.
It is prepared by Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman and J. H. Tenney, both of whom have something of a reputation of musical authors. The volume contains some really excellent pieces, and will be likely to receive a fair share of public favor.

The "Living Epistle," Cleveland, O.
A good selection of such popular revival songs as the people are bound to sing.

The Christian Harvester," Cleveland, O. The best book sinc Winnowed Hymns.

"Zion's Herald." Boston, Mass Its hymns seem to have been selected with more than usual care.

The Northern "Christian Advocate," Syra-

cuse, N. Y.
Uniform in size with the Gospel Song series
and very similar in character. The name of
P. P. Bliss as a contributor, appears quite
frequently in the collection. There are many
new pieces and new authors.